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Christian TALES.

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CONTAINING,

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| I. The Band. | IV. A supposed Conference between a King and a Christian. |
| II. The Test of Self-Righteousness. | |
| III. The Parents Instructor. | |

By E. GODWIN. K

A Verse may find him who a Sermon flies. Herbert.



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Christian Tales

CONTAINING

A NEW AND COMPLETE
HISTORY OF THE
CHRISTIAN TALES



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THE P R E F A C E.

IN the following Pages there hath been no Attempt to display the Poet, but rather the Preacher; because it is intended more for Instruction than Amusement. Sure there are none who think it inconsistent and ridiculous for a Minister of CHRIST JESUS to write after such a Manner, I mean in Tales; but if there be any such, let them know, the Author tho' he had sufficient Warrant, the Apostle of our Profession having given Sanction to it by his many excellent Parables: Having so glorious a Precedent, I shall not make the least further Apology; only intreat you in Love and Candour to receive what is here written.

Are ye Christians? To rejoice that others are called to partake of like Faith. Are ye Self-Righteous? Learn from ERNESTUS the Way of Salvation. Or is your Character with the

The P R E F A C E.

World, your Darling? Consider the Relation of MUNDUS. And again, however exalted your Station, lay to Heart the Things that make for your Peace, seek durable Riches and Honour, that ye may be Kings and Priests with JESUS.



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CHRISTIAN TALES.

TALE the First ;

T H E

B A N D :

SOME happy Souls, who JESUS knew,
Together met, though but a few :
Our Saviour he was present there,
While each did JESU's Love declare.

The First, in Praise of JESU's Blood,
Spoke thus his pleasing Tale aloud :
Made conscious of my Misery,
Longing to taste of Liberty ;
I sought Deliv'rance here, and there,
But still oppress'd with Loads of Care ;
First

First to the Minister I went,
 Told him what Pains my Heart-strings rent,
 But he, a Stranger to my Pain,
 I found his Counsel very vain :
 He told me of the fiery Law,
 Its dread Commands, but thence I draw
 Nothing but Terror and Distress ;
 'Tis not the Spring of Righteousness.
 Thus, sore distress'd, I foolish thought
 I could not in the *Church* be taught,
 And some Dissenting Friends reply'd,
 Have ever you our Doctrine try'd ?
 Come to our Place, and you shall find
 Full Ease for your distemper'd Mind :
 The Name of Ease enchanted me ;
 For all I fought was Liberty.
 But when those Ministers I heard,
 Lifeless the Matter they declar'd :
 I told to some of them my Case,
 But they administer'd no Ease ;
 For each would tell some diff'rent Way,
 As the sure Path to endless Day,
 And yet would each assert aloud,
No Way but theirs could lead to GOD.
 Thus, just as *Babel's* Builders were,
 Puzzled, I knew not how to steer,
 A Stranger still to solid Peace,
 I cry'd, What Comforters are these ?

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Taught thus, I to our *Saviour* cry'd;
 He instantly in Love reply'd,
All real Peace is only found
To issue from my gaping Wound;
 Then shew'd his Hands, his pierced Feet,
 His bloody Side, his bloody Sweat,
 And sweetly by the Spirit said,
 These Wounds for your Relief were made.
 What Peace did then my Soul o'erflow,
 What solid Comfort did I know:
 I can't the wond'rous Pleasure tell,
 'Tis Happiness unspeakable.

The Second, that had felt the same,
 Spoke thus the Praise of JESU's Name:
 I too, a Monument of Grace,
 Have prov'd the Smiles of JESU's Face.
 The Beau's fantastick Way I trod,
 Laugh'd at Religion, sneer'd at GOD;
 Drank in with Pleasure, Sin and Lust,
 Grovelling in Vanity and Dust;
 But musing once, oppress'd with Grief,
 The *Saviour*, Author of Relief,
 Rous'd up my Soul with this warm Tho't,
How happy those who CHRIST have got;
 Who have th' Almighty on their Side,
 A Conqu'ror and a faithful Guide;
 At present it increas'd my Woe,
 For thus I reason'd, I shant know

This

This Happiness, but JESU's Grace
 Our shallow Thoughts can never trace;
 For all his Thoughts are boundless Love,
 With freest Grace his Bowels move;
 Tho' hopeless, yet I faintly cry'd,
 Dear *Saviour*, who for Sinners dy'd,
 Thou canst, I know thou canst restore,
 O, that Thou wouldst exert Thy Power,
 And save me from the Gaits of Hell,
 And from the Torments I now feel!
 But reasoning on my Filthiness,
 (The wretched Depths of my Distress)
 I foolish said, *He won't relieve,*
He won't my sinful Soul receive.
 I thought to make the LAMB my Friend,
 Some Works of mine must recommend.
 I pray'd, and yet I could not pray;
 I spent in Tears the Night and Day:
 But Prayers and Tears were useless too,
No Works of Man will ever do.
 But tyred long, to CHRIST I fled;
 The *Spirit* shew'd how JESUS bled,
 His Blood did then such Joy impart,
 Did so enamour all my Heart!
 Would you the *Heav'nly Rapture* know,
 To the same *Saviour* you must go.

The Third, his Record thus begun,
 Thus spoke in Praise of JESUS slain:

Another

Another Way He dealt with me,
 Yet taught me the same Liberty :
 I, many Years, a Moralift,
 Tho't to be fav'd, yet knew not CHRIST.
 That broken Reed, my Righteousness,
 Was all my Stay, my only Strefs :
 But hearing once a plain Discourse,
 Attended with the *Spirit's* Force,
 My Righteousness I saw was Dross,
 And all my Gain but Dung and Loss :
 'Tis true, the Preacher spoke aloud,
 Of JESU's Righteousness and Blood ;
 But comfortless I went away,
 And spent in Tears the tiresome Day ;
 The Night, by far, more dreary still,
 Was to my Soul a nether Hell :
 Next Day the same ; a Month roll'd on,
 And all my Cry was, *I'm undone.*
 Another sweet Discourse I heard,
 I fed awhile, but then I fear'd,
 And reas'ning said, *'Tis not for me*
To share such wond'rous Liberty.
 But the dear Preacher made it plain,
 It was for Sinners CHRIST was slain ;
 That whosoever would might come,
 And in our *Saviour's* Arms find Room.
 Then did the *Spirit* sweetly draw ;
 I heard no thund'ring from the Law ;

B

But

But drawn by JESU's dying Love,
 Swift did my Soul as Light'ning move;
 Fled to the Bosom of my GOD,
 There found the Stream of cleansing Blood
 Yes, in his Heart the Stream I found,
 And now my many Sins are drown'd.
 This is the Liberty I share,
 And prove it really past Compare.

The Fourth, with heav'nly Ardour mov'd
 To testify the Bliss he prov'd,
 Spoke thus, I too a Witness am,
 Salvation is in CHRIST the LAMB.
 This was the painful Way I trod,
 Before I prov'd the Love of GOD:
 Once in my Sleep (O awful Sight!)
 I thought I saw the *Judgment Night*;
 Night, for 'twas Darkness all around,
 Where my poor trembling Soul was found
 Tho' true at Distance, Heav'n's bright Ray
 Shone brighter than the brightest Day;
 There, a vast Troop, a happy Train,
 In lofty Note, a Song began,
 Which aggravated more my Woe:
 In short, I can't the Terror show,
 Which on that dreadful Night I felt,
 Conscious of my enormous Guilt:
 But when I 'woke, I found my Mind
 To serious Ways at once inclin'd:

I waited then GOD's Word to hear,
 Not drawn by Love, but forc'd by Fear :
 The Scheme the Minister held forth
 Was jointly Ours, and JESU's Worth;
 The Scheme pleas'd well, 'till I at length
 Awaken'd, saw I had no Strength,
 No Merit, but of Death and Hell,
 Thus my untemper'd Building fell:
 But O! how loving was the LAMB,
 He by his *Spirit* show'd his Fame;
 Show'd what Salvation He brought in,
 And snatch'd me from the Pow'r of Sin;
 Thus taught by him, I firmly rest,
 Alone upon my *Saviour's* Breast,
 And prove our *Saviour* died for me,
 This is my happy Liberty.

The Fifth, a Follower of the LAMB,
 Who dearly lov'd his precious Name,
 At Raynoke thus, A Country Life I led,
 My daily Labour got my Bread,
 And like my Neighbours, ev'ry Night
 In Joaks and Songs I sought Delight;
 But ev'ry Night I sought in vain,
 And ev'ry Song increas'd my Pain;
 I left this Way, and thought to prove
 More Pleasure in a neighb'ring Grove:
 As the shady Night return'd,
 In the dark Grove, I loafsomely mourn'd,

For real Pleasure was not there,
 It's Gloominess increas'd Despair;
 Thus Company, nor Solitude,
 Afforded the desired Good;
 Thus sore distress'd, I thought and said,
I was for sure Destruction made :
 I curs'd my Birth, nay, curs'd my GOD,
 And curs'd the Earth on which I trod,
 And thus, in Passion, strove to vent
 My Malice, and my Discontent.
 O! could one think, that such should prove
 The Riches of our *Saviour's* Love!
 But sure I am, I know the Day
 When the dear LAMB did sweetly say,
Your many Sins I freely wash'd away.
 Soon as He spoke, his quick'ning Word
 Did real Happiness afford;
 And still I share this Liberty,
 Because He still speaks Love to me.

The Last, as forward as the rest,
 Our *Saviour's* Mercy thus express:
 Another Way my Soul he led,
 I knew no Terror, Fear, or Dread;
 By loving Cords He brought me nigh,
 To share of his sweet Liberty.
 The vilest Wretch I'm sure I've been,
 Plung'd into ev'ry kind of Sin;

But, in the Midst of my Carear,
 The *Spirit* brought Salvation near.
 I went a Minister to mock,
 To laugh at a despised Flock,
 To persecute some harmless Souls,
 Thought by the World, *Deluded Fools*;
 But when the Minister did prove,
 How free, how great, our *Saviour's* Love;
 I could not, LORD, thy Love withstand,
 My hardned Heart was quite unmann'd;
 Yes, when He talk'd of JESU's Blood,
 Told how exceeding free it flow'd;
 The *Spirit* brought the Stream to me,
 And gave me perfect Liberty.
 Then all in chearful Song reply'd,
Praise to our Saviour crucify'd.
 Their Notes melodious, reach'd the Throne,
 For loud they sang of CHRIST alone.

REFLECTION.

Our *Saviour's Paths* are in the Deep:
Various the Ways he leads his Sheep;
 Yet all his Sheep have this impress'd,
 Deep-rooted this in each one's Breast,
 That GOD is Love, that GOD is Good,
 And brought Salvation by His Blood.

T A L E the Second.

T H E

T E S T

O F

SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS.

RECTUS, a Man of much Renown,
The strictest Liver of the Town,
Known for his Alms in ev'ry Street,
In helping all the Poor he met ;
At Church well known, 'cause ev'ry Day,
Loudest of all the Folks he'd pray :
In short, so strict, so just, so good,
His Parson spoke him in the Road,
The certain Road to endless Bliss,
To Regions of true Happiness.

But One who better knew the Way,
(For Parsons like the rest will stray)

Told

Told *Rectus*, tho' he liv'd so well,
 He stood in Danger still of Hell;
 For Alms to Men will not suffice,
 Nor all our lofty formal Cries;
 Nor Parson's Favour stand in Stead,
 When CHRIST our awful Doom shall read.

Rectus, amaz'd to hear such Talk,
 To hear a Man condemn his Walk;
 With angry Voice, and Frown reply'd,
I want not you to be my Guide;
When once I don't my Duty know,
To better Teachers I can go.

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ay,

Ernestus mildly Answer made,
 And in a gentle Accent said,
 'Twas Love that made me first to speak,
 That made me now my Silence break;
 And tho' you now my Words despise,
 And Paleness shows your Passions rise,
 You'll prove the Truth of what I say;
 For could we Heav'n attain your Way,
 Then JESUS CHRIST hath vainly died,
 Without a Cause was crucify'd.

,

Told

Rectus, in Haste, said stop I pray,
 He dy'd my former Debts to pay,
 To satisfy for *Adam's* Sin,
 And thus baptiz'd, I'm made quite clean;
 And

And if I keep this Purity,
 And strictly shall obedient be,
 Then when the Judge supreme descends,
 And all the World in Burning ends,
 And Doms-Day's open Leaves, shall show
 The Works of Men while here below,
 I thus obedient shall arise,
 And share the Joys of Paradise.

Ernestus shook his Head, and cry'd,
 Is this the Doctrine of your Guide?
 Is there so little Merit then
 In JESU's Wounds, his Death, and Pain
 So little of intrinſick Good,
 In our *Immanuel's* precious Blood?
 Such a Relief as this you tell
 Would never ſave one Soul from Hell.
 No Heart could Satisfaction find,
 Was not our *Saviour* far more kind;
 But all who taſte our *Saviour's* Love,
 Not only a Deliv'rance prove
 From the Deſert of former Sins,
 But while his Blood does inly cleanſe,
 It ſpeaks our ev'ry Sin forgiven,
 And ſhows us we have Right to Heav'n.

Reſtus no more his Friend would hear,
Erneſtus's Talk he could not bear,

Thoug

Thought it enthusiastic Stuff,
 And told him plain, He'd said enough;
 A better Way to Heav'n he knew,
 Reason his Guide with her he'd go,
 And thus at once, he from his Friend with-
 drew.

But long before the Month was gone,
 Before the Moon her Course had run,
Rectus was with a Fever struck;
 Vain all the Medicines he took,
 With mortal Heat it inly rag'd,
 Its Fervour could not be asswag'd:
 A little while he vainly try'd
 His Alms, and Ministers beside,
 And wonder'd that he could not find
 Peace, and Serenity of Mind;
 Some hundred Pounds this Way disburs'd,
 And *Rectus* bad as at the first;
 Prov'd now, his Righteousness as Dross,
 And all his former Deeds but Loss;
 And that his Rev'rend Parsons too,
 Nothing for his Relief could do:
 At last, with Misery oppress'd,
 With inward Sorrows sore distress'd,
 He call'd his former Friend to mind,
 Bade One in Haste *Ernestus* find,
 And bring him instantly away.
Ernestus came without Delay,

Praying

Praying to GOD, that he might prove
 The Instrument, to teach his Love ;
 Ent'ring the Chamber, loud he cry'd,
Here let thy Peace, O GOD! abide.

Rectus, alarm'd, cry'd, O my Friend!
 Where will my racking Mis'ries end?
 Ah! now I prove your Doctrine true,
 My Righteousness will never do;
 But where *Ernestus*, shall I fly?
 The LORD will not regard my Cry;
 You told me He was kind indeed;
 I've heard He did for Sinners bleed,
 But, O! my Crimes all Crimes exceed!

Ernestus, mov'd to see his Tears,
 Lifted his Heart in fervent Pray'rs;
 And while his Spirit inly pray'd,
 His Lips this mild Instruction said,
Rectus, your Crimes, however great,
 However bad you find your State,
 Yet all your Fears are groundless quite,
 Look up, and CHRIST shall give you Light
 For who so sees, his bleeding Heart,
 Partakes the Life those Drops impart,
 That fell so plenteous from his Side,
 To heal poor Souls, to joy his Bride:
 Yes, all who know these Drops indeed,
 Do feel, for them the Saviour bled.

Rectus

Rectus then cry'd, O dearest Friend!
 A little Time, I pray you spend
 In Pray'r for me, and softly sigh'd,
O, that I knew CHRIST crucify'd!
Knew that my Sins were laid on him,
And felt him mighty to redeem!
 But, O! *Ernestus*, I have trod
 Under my Feet this holy Blood
 Have scorn'd the *Saviour's* proffer'd Grace,
 Exalting of my Righteousness.

Ernestus said, but still 'tis free,
 Still is there boundless Room for thee;
 The Friend of Sinners bids me say,
 He freely took thy Sins away:
 Forgives thee all, will be thy Friend,
 And never will his Friendship end.

Rectus then cry'd, my Friend? my God?
 O boundless Grace! I feel his Blood,
 It cools my Pain, it makes me well;
 No more I fear the Flames of Hell.
 What hath my *Saviour* done for me?
 Instantly mov'd my Misery;
 Cover'd me with his Righteousness,
 And fill'd my Soul with Happiness.
 Soon, my *Ernestus*, I shall die,
 And happy up to *Zion* fly,
 For, O! my great Redemption's nigh.

Ernestus said, I thought the LAMB
Would visit you with his Love-Flame ;
I thought He'd give your Soul to go
Rejoicing from this World below.

Rectus reply'd, my faithless Heart
Did never think, to share a Part
In such Delights as I now find,
I did not think the LAMB so kind.
How does his Favour still increase !
How swells the Tide of new-found Peace
* Parsons, I pray you learn from me,
Where to direct poor Souls to flee ;
No longer tell them, *Work ye thus*,
But preach, the Soul-reviving Cross.
Could a poor Man, more strict obey
The Rules, you, taught me Day by Day
Did not I pray, from Morn to Night,
And waste in Pray'r, the Lamp's dim Light
Have not I wearied Scores of you,
In reading Pray'r-Books thro', and thro' ?
But still I sigh'd, and vainly sigh'd,
And might have melancholly dy'd ;
But looking to the pierced LAMB,
See with what Joy my Spirits flame :
No strange Enthusiastic Fire,
No groundless Hope, nor vain Desire.

* *Supposed present.*

Go, preach this great Salvation then,
 And tell, the vilest Sons of Men,
 Whoever comes to CHRIST, our GOD,
 Shall find Salvation in his Blood.

My Strength's quite gone, I bid adieu
 To all my Friends, but as for you,
Ernestus, we shall meet again,
 Meet to exalt in lofty Strain,
 That Name of JESUS, sweetest Name!
 I'll speak while dying JESU's Fame:
 JESU, my falt'ring Speech is gone,
 JESUS, he said, and dy'd without a Groan,



T A L E the Third.

T H E

PARENTS INSTRUCTOR.

MUNDUS, a worldly Gentleman,
 Who forty Years one Course had run,
 Outwardly Good, but Dead within,
 Refin'd from what the World calls Sin,
 Had a gay Youth, an only Son,
 On whom his Heart was fix'd upon;
 So fix'd, he would not cross the Boy,
 Would not restrain his sinful Joy:
 Meeting no Check, the Youth grew bold,
 In Wickednesses manifold:
 But GOD, whose Ways are wond'rous deep,
 Who's well acquainted with his Sheep,
 By Pow'r divine, the Boy converts,
 Who from his former Lewdness starts;
 Proving the Word, the Pow'r of GOD,
 Tasting the Sweets of JESU's Blood,
 He's fix'd to wait beneath the Sound,
 Morning and Ev'ning to be found

With

With a few Souls that daily met
 To feast themselves at J E S U 's Feet :
 A poor despised Company !
 Hardly amongst them could one see
 A Man of Worth, or genteel Dress ;
 (*The Poor receive CHRIST's Righteousness.*)
 They, *Methodists*, in Scorn were nam'd,
 And for their strict Religion blam'd.
 Soon was it widely blaz'd around,
 How this gay Youth was constant found
 Among this People ev'ry Day,
 Singing their Hymns, walking their Way.

Mundus disturb'd, to think his Son,
 In such reproachful Ways should run,
 Resolv'd no Means should wanting be
 To bring him from such Company.
 First he design'd soft Means to take,
 Hop'd that Advice would make him brake
 From such detested Ways as these ;
 These flat'ring Hopes gave *Mundus* Ease.

Thus as one Morn, his Son came Home
 From the accustom'd preaching Room,
 The Father mildly said, my Son,
 Where do you ev'ry Morning run ?
 'Twas but about a Week ago
 We could not make you rise, you know,
 'Till

With

'Till Nine or Ten; 'tis very strange
 To see so odd, so quick a Change :
 Now, long before 'tis Light, you rise;
 Tell me the Cause; end my Surprise.

Let not my Father angry be,
 (Indeed there is a Change in me)
 I'll tell the Cause I rise so soon,
 And where it is I daily run :
 By Chance, one Night, I saw a Croud,
 Modest in Look, all in one Road ;
 Yea, so uncommon was their Look,
 With such Surprise my Heart it struck,
 I instant thought, *I'll follow them*;
 Tho' soon my Heart was full of Shame,
 For as we pass'd, I heard Men cry,
There! see the Whitfieldites go by.
 But soon we came unto the * Place,
 Which I have prov'd a *House of Grace* ;
 I sat me down among the Rest,
 Tho' great Confusion rack'd my Breast ;
 I thought all Eyes were fix'd on me,
 As one unworthy there to be.
 Soon I beheld the Minister,
 Who did so Heav'nly appear,
 I surely thought, some Angel's here :
 Indeed no Rev'rend Gown he had,
 Neither were grey Hairs on his Head,

But quite a Boy, about my Age,
 But O! his Words did so engage,
 He so divinely pray'd, and preach'd,
 Methought my very Heart it reach'd,
 I could have heard him all the Night,
 He did so lovingly invite

The worst of Sinners to draw near,
 That really (tho' with trembling Fear)

I was constrain'd aloud to cry,

O LORD! I come; O, don't deny

A Wretch, deserving by thy Wrath to die! }

Have Patience Father, hear the whole,

Immediate Comfort fill'd my Soul;

The LORD He did my Soul receive,

And instant taught me to believe.

Mundus reply'd, talk thus no more,
 Didst thou not believe, my Son, before?

Indeed thou wast a little gay,

'Tis usual thus for Youth to be;

That would have gone with riper Years,

When enter'd into worldly Cares:

But hark, my Son, I'd serious speak,

What is the Course you think to take?

Why really if you do not leave [grieve;

Your *New-found Ways*, my Heart you'll

And that's not all, your Character,

How will you in the World appear?

D

You'll

You'll really be the Scorn of Men;
 Consider Son, don't give me Pain,
 But like your Family be wise,
 And all these *Upstart Boys* despise.

The Son reply'd, I would not grieve
 A Father, by whose Care I live;
 I would not wound your aged Heart,
Nor yet from CHRIST my Saviour start.
 If it be wise from those to flee,
 Whose Words were blest'd, to set me free,
 LORD grant, I never wise may be.
 As for the base Contempt of Men,
 It will not give me any Pain;
 Already I have tasted this,
 And find it brings me real Bliss:
 For thus I think, the World don't know
 Those that do after JESUS go;
It knew not him, it knows not us,
 Who are the Bearers of his Cross.

Mundus reply'd, you're chang'd indeed,
 But really Son, you are misled;
 Why sure, my Child, you don't forget,
 The Words you quote, were only writ
 To suit the Church in former Days;
 We must not wrest GOD's Word of Grace:

I know

I know it is the Way, my Son,
 Of those with whom you rashly run,
 To take the Scripture for their own :
 Yea, so presumptuous are these Men,
 So daring in the worst of Sin,
 Th' Apostles Words, they dare assert,
 The very Language of their Heart ;
 Nay, they are so blasphemously bold,
 I have been creditably told,
 They say GOD's Spirit rests on them,
 Is in their Hearts a vital Flame.

The Son reply'd, indeed 'tis true,
 Those that I follow Scripture view
 As spoke for their Encouragement ;
 And those I hear are surely sent,
 To let poor trembling Sinners know,
 What JESUS did for his Church do
 In former Days, IS STILL THE SAME ;
 Still may poor Sinners, in his Name,
 Boldly lay hold of Joy and Peace,
 And all the Churches Liberties :
 'Tis true too, they aloud declare
 They do the Holy Spirit share ;
 And what does Holy Scripture say ?
Unless the Spirit's found in thee,
Whoe'er thou art, thou art none of His,
 And knowest not the Saviour's Bliss.

The Father said, don't preach to me,
 Hear my Advice, and let me see,
 You never more such Courses take;
 If not for mine, yet for your Sake,
 Put on the Man, be brisk and gay,
 And mind to tread your Father's Way:
 This said, he left his Son, who burn'd,
 Soon as the wanted Hour return'd,
 To hear the saving Word of Grace,
 To wait in the delightful Place
 Where J E S U S did his Children meet,
 And feed them with the hidden Sweet:
 He hasty to the Place repair'd,
 And 'midst the rest the Blessing shar'd,
 Tasted the dying Grace of G O D,
 Drank of the *Saviour's* precious Blood.

But while He from his Home was gone,
Mundus had mis'd his only Son;
 He fretted, and he inly griev'd,
 To see himself so much deceiv'd;
 For sure he thought Advice so mild,
 At once would sway his darling Child.
 While He was grieving thus alone,
 Instant return'd his happy Son:
 The Father yet his Wrath restrain'd,
 For yet one Stratagem remain'd;
 By Riches to allure the Boy,
 To win him with this Devil's Toy;

He call'd his Son, seem'd wond'rous kind,
 (Thought now He sure Success should find)
 And said, in loving Voice, my Dear,
 I pray you now Instruction hear;
 If you'll forsake the preaching Place,
 And spend as other Youths your Days;
 Support your Character and mine,
 And like a Man of Fortune shine,
 You shall not want for any Thing
 To make you happy as a King.

The Son reply'd, I do not want,
 And as for Happiness, you paint
 In Shades exceeding dull and faint.
 Where is the King true Bliss enjoys?
 Their Crowns and Robes, are earthly Toys;
 Was it, my Father, in your Pow'r,
 To make me King of *India's* Shore,
 I would not for that Gift forsake
 The happy Courses that I take;
 I would not leave the Gospel Sound
 For all the Wealth that in the World is
 [found

Mundus reply'd, you're mad my Son,
 And I, your Father, am undone:
Who shall my Heaps of Gold enjoy?
 I dare not leave it this mad Boy;
 In a few Months He'd spend it all
 On those he does his Preachers call;

H

Thou=

Thousands would soon to *Georgia* fly,
 The unknown Orphans to supply;
 And thousands feast his Priests at Home,
 And thousands more to build a Room,
 In ev'ry County thro' the Place,
 'Till nothing else but preaching was, [Seas. }
 From our *North* Point, unto the *Southern* }
 They now retir'd, because 'twas late;
Mundus indeed some Time did wait,
 Lock'd all the Doors, secur'd the Keys,
 To break his Son of these strange Ways.

Soon as 'twas Five the Youth arose,
 And hastily slip'd on his Cloaths,
 Praying the Morning-Word might prove,
 A further Taste of JESU's Love;
 But when He found the Doors were lock'd,
 At first He was a little shock'd;
 But Locks and Bolts cannot restrain
 A thirsty Soul; *Hell strives in vain*
To keep a Sinner from the Word,
Where He can meet his Life, his LORD.
 He hasty to the Window went,
 And found it answer his Intent,
 So reach'd in Time the preaching Place,
 And found the Word, *a Word of Grace.*

The Father, who did early rise,
 Call'd for his Son; but in Surprise,

He heard his Son was gone from Home:
 The Father rag'd, from Room to Room,
 Resolv'd, He now would have Recourſe
 To other Means, would break by Force
 His ſtubborn Child from his ſtrange Road,
 Or turn him out from his Abode:
 While in his Heat, his Son return'd,
 (Another Fire in his Breſt burn'd,
 The gentle Fire of J E S U's Love,
 Which happy ranſom'd Sinners prove)
 The Father furiously begun;
 I've us'd all gentle Means, my Son;
 But ſince theſe gentle Means won't do,
 I'll take another Courſe with you:
 Obſerve, this is my ſtrict Command,
 And muſt inviolably ſtand,
 Inſtantly leave your Rebel Crew,
 Your Preachers, and their Sermons too;
 He ſaid no more, but in a Rage withdrew.

The Son had inſtantly Reſort,
 Unto our *Saviour's* open Court;
 For in himſelf he puzzled was,
 Found that the preaching of the Croſs
 He could not leave, could not forſake;
 And yet He thought it Sin, to break
 His Father's abſolute Command;
 He did not long conſiding ſtand,

Before

Before He thought, thus runs the Word,
 Children, obey them *in the LORD*.
 This gave him Boldness, *sure thought He*
It can't our Saviour's Purport be
That we should from his Gospel flee.
The inward Motions that I feel,
The fervent Flame, the burning Zeal,
GOD's Word approves; then sure 'tis right;
O, may I follow this pure Light!
Father forsake, the World despise,
Seeking the Joys above the Skies.
 Thus when the Time of preaching came,
 Warm'd with CHRIST's Love, that heav'n-
 He boldly ventur'd forth again, [ly Flame,
 To hear of CHRIST for Sinners slain;
 Such Mercy there again He prov'd,
 His former Fears were all remov'd.

But soon as *Mundus* saw his Son,
 His former Tenderness was gone;
 Rather than lose his Character,
 And thus become the Scoff, and Sneer
 Of all the Town, and Country far and near,
 He now resolv'd, with Passion fir'd,
 The Son He had so much admir'd,
 He would not as a Son regard,
 But give him now the just Reward,
 Of many disobedient Faults;
 These were his fiend, his settled Thoughts.

So in a monstrous Rage He said,
How light are my Commandments made.

The Son, who long had bore the Load,
Fill'd with a fervent Zeal from GOD,
Spoke thus;

How base are your Commandments too?
Think what it was you bid me do,
You call'd the Church of CHRIST a Crew;
Bade me forsake my *Saviour's* Word,
And slight the Teachings of my LORD.

Mundus reply'd, whate'er I said,
Tho' you esteem it vile and bad,
'Tis my Command, you must obey;
What does the *Fifth Commandment* say?

The Son reply'd, thus speaks the WORD,
Children obey them in the LORD:

But does a Parent bid me go
The Path that tends to endless Woe?

I'm call'd to disobey Him then;

Is not this Case exceeding plain?

You think it harsh to talk of Hell,

But is it not quite suitable?

Am I not running JESU's Ways,

And setting forth my *Saviour's* Praise?

But your Advice is, *Pleasure take*;

Pleasure and Father I'll forsake,

E

Rather

Rather than leave my CHRIST, my GOD;
 This Cross I'll bear, 'till Life and Blood,
 And ev'ry Faculty be spent:
 For O! with CHRIST is true Content.

Mundus, with angry Rage, reply'd,
 Your furious Zeal, shall soon be try'd:
 I warrant You, I'll cool its Heat;
 You could my *First Command* forget;
 See if my *Second* lets so light,
 'Tis this, *Out of my House this Night*;
 Nor let me see you once again,
 'Till you have left, these *mad-brain'd Men*:
 'Till you shall seriously reflect
 And weighty feel the bad Effect,
 Of flighting of my strict Command;
 For sure the ALMIGHTY's vengeful Hand,
 Will fall with Weight, which none can bear,
 On those who disobedient are.

The *Youth*, with mild undaunted Voice
 (Supported by our *Saviour's* Joys)
 Said, you may preach a vengeful GOD,
 But I am taught, thro' JESU's Blood,
 He's fully pleas'd, quite reconcil'd,
 And I am made his fav'rite Child:
 And if that GOD my Father is,
 There's none can rob me of my Bliss;

'Tis

'Tis but invain you strive to cool,
 The Flame He kindles in my Soul :
 And sure his Love's enough for me,
 A Portion to Eternity.
 Father, quite willingly I go,
 A thousand Times as much I'd do,
 For J E S U S, for whose Name I bear,
 The present Cross : But O ! I fear,
 The awful Judgments that you tell,
 My Father's helpless Soul should feel.

Men : *Mundus* cry'd out in Wrath, begone,
 No more I'll own you as my Son,
 'Till quite another Course you take,
 And from your blind Delusions break.

The *Son*, who found it vain to stay,
 Thought instantly, I'll CHRIST obey,
 Deny my Father, follow G O D,
 In Tribulations beaten Road.
Not that each Child is call'd to flee
From Home, and leave his Family,
When call'd by Grace, to share CHRIST's
This would Enthusiasm prove. [Love ;
 But strict observe these Characters,
Mundus so acts, it plain appears,
 The *Son* must leave his own Abode ;
 Or otherwise must leave his G O D.

The Call so strong : The *Son* obey'd,
 And farewell to his Father said :
 While wrathful *Mundus* shut the Door,
 Resolv'd, to open it no more
 Unto his *Son* ; 'till He should see
 His Son another Man should be.

Hath G O D declar'd to be with them,
 Who put their Trust in his great Name ?
Behold, the Faithfulness of G O D !
 A Christian, just a-cro's the Road,
 Who over-heard this last Dispute ;
 And saw the *Father* turn him out,
 Call'd, as a Christian to the *Son* ;
 Told him, my Dwelling is your own ;
For what are we but Stewards here ?
 My Brother, without any Fear,
 Freely partake of what's call'd mine,
 As freely shall it all be thine.
 Bow'd, with this Proof of J E S U's Love,
 His Heart with Gratitude did move :
 J E S U S He prais'd, and thank'd the Man
 And prais'd his Saviour loud again.

His *Father's* Fury reach'd him here,
 He left this Place (not fill'd with Fear)
 With bold Dependence on his G O D,
 That He, who call'd him thus abroad,

Woul

Would not forsake when Want was nigh;
 But would in all his Wants supply:
 He found it so, another Friend,
 Did a kind Invitation send;
 'Twas here He spent in Happiness;
 The short Remainder of his Days;
 And here in Happiness *He dy'd*;
 A Blessing, to each Soul besides,
 In all the House; so that his Friend,
 Would oft' the Saviour's Grace commend,
 In sending of this happy Youth,
 To teach their Souls the saving Truth.
 Oft' would He think upon the Day,
 He first came there; and thankful say,
Come, join my ransom'd Family,
To celebrate this Day with me:
Be it remember'd to Eternity.



T A L E the Fourth.

A

Supposed Conference

B E T W E E N

A *King* and a *Christian*.

S E C O N D E D I T I O N .

K I N G .

CAN any one more happy be
Than I, array'd with Majesty?
Has any one more Cause to sing
Than I, an arbitrary King?

C H R I S T I A N .

Yes, I am happier far than you,
And richer, greater, nobler too;

With costlier Robes by far array'd,
Robes from more distant Countries had.

K I N G.

What ! Do you dare the Distance boast?
My Robe was had from *Persia's* Coast;
And thence to *Tyre*, to take that Dye,
With which no Purple e'er could vie.

C H R I S T I A N.

But mine by far more distant still,
Was fetch'd from *Zion's* holy Hill ;
And in a nobler Colour dy'd
The *Crimson Stream* from J E S U's Side.

K I N G,

The Purchase of my Robe's so great,
It cost a little King's Estate;
Then who's most rich, then who's most fine,
Your far-fetch'd Robe, or this of mine ?

C H R I S T I A N.

But mine, no King's Estate cou'd buy,
None but our G O D who reigns on High,
His *Blood* alone the Price could pay ;
That G O D whom Monarchs must obey.

K I N G.

Your Robe, perhaps, will quickly waste,
But mine for many Years will last,

Unless

Unless by Chance, the Fire or Moth
Consume, or rot the precious Cloth.

C H R I S T I A N.

No, mine can never waste or rot,
Nor ever wrinkle, ever spot;
But always fresh, and clean and pure,
'Twill everlastingly endure.

K I N G.

To whatsoever Place I go,
By these my Robes, all Mortals know
That I'm a King, and ready wait
To do me Service at my Feet.

C H R I S T I A N.

And by my righteous Robe I'm known,
To Him who sits on *Zion's* Throne;
And all the Angels ready wait
To do me Service at my Feet.

K I N G.

What! Do you think your Robe to save,
Wear, and possess beyond the Grave?
I know that I my Robes must leave,
And all my Pomp to Death must give.

C H R I S T I A N.

Yes, throughout all Eternity
This righteous Robe my own shall be;

(41)

'Tis Death that makes it perfect shine,
And renders it completely mine.

K I N G.

Strange Robe indeed ! How got it you ?
To merit it what did you do ?

C H R I S T I A N.

Nothing at all, 'tis freely giv'n
By JESUS CHRIST, the King of Heav'n.

K I N G.

Was this my Robe my *all*; to take
Your Dress, I wou'd my own forsake ;
But I am rich, have Pearls and Gold,
As much as my large Chests can hold.

C H R I S T I A N.

I richer still, for I possess
His Treasure, who all Riches has ;
The Pearl of greatest Price is mine,
JESUS, that Jewel all divine.

K I N G.

Your Riches may my Wealth excel,
But I in Joy and Pleasure dwell,
Banquet on choicest daintiest Fare,
And drink the richest Wines that are.

F

C H R I S-

C H R I S T I A N.

I greater Pleasures know than you,
Banquet on greater Dainties too ;
For CHRIST's own Body is my Food,
My Wine is his most precious Blood.

K I N G.

But what are these, without a Pow'r ?
Rebels may rob you in an Hour,
And leave you destitute and mean,
And change your Robe into a Chain.

C H R I S T I A N.

With all your boasted Pow'r, I know
With earthly Kings it may be so ;
But Pow'r almighty acts for me,
Subduing ev'ry Enemy.

K I N G.

And are these Robes, this Wealth and Pow'r,
Pleasures and Peace for evermore,
All freely giv'n ! Where may I go
Your Joy and Happiness to know ?

C H R I S T I A N.

O you must leave your fancy'd Throne,
And your imaginary Crown ;
And in the Dust with *David* bow,
David, a temp'ral King, as you.

K I N G.

K I N G.

And will Humility and Pray'rs,
Loud crying, and repeated Tears
Purchase your Robe, your Joy and Peace,
And merit endless Happiness?

C H R I S T I A N.

No, cou'd you pray, for ever pray,
And spend in Tears the Night and Day,
Your Pray'rs and Tears would all be vain,
Still wretched would your Soul remain.

K I N G.

Shall I then sacred Temples build,
And Altars raise in ev'ry Field,
And by my Sacrifices buy
A Throne to all Eternity?

C H R I S T I A N.

w'r, Were you to offer thousand Bulls,
Ten thousand Rivers of rich Oils,
But vain the Sacrifice would prove;
Tis given freely, all of Love!

K I N G.

How shall I come, or how draw nigh,
Or how to your great GOD apply?
Which Way must I the Gift receive?
To please the Giver, which Way live?

N G.

F 2

C H R I S-

C H R I S T I A N.

Reason no more, but come away,
And at CHRIST's Feet, like Potter's Clay,
Submissive wait his sov'reign Will;
He shall the empty Vessel fill.

K I N G.

Then dearest JESUS, hear my Pray'r,
My wretched Vileness made me fear,
That I to Hell should tumble down,
And there my just Desert have known.

C H R I S T I A N.

Ah there my Soul long since had been,
Had God dealt thus with sinful Men!
But all his Ways are Grace and Love:
Come, and his tender Kindness prove!

K I N G.

O draw me, JESUS, and I come!
Nor longer ignorantly roam,
If Thou bright Morning Star wilt shine,
And lead me in the Path divine!

My Golden Riches I'll forsake,
And with thy Crown my Cross I'll take,
If Thou, O Lord, wilt be my Guide,
And all my former Follies hide.

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lay,
No more in Sceptres or in Thrones,
In regal Robes, or sparkling Crowns,
My great immortal Soul shall trust,
But spurn such flatt'ring gilded Dust.

My JESUS shall my Riches be;
JESUS a spotless Robe for me;
JESUS my Pleasure, Pow'r and Peace;
JESUS my endless Happiness!

C H R I S T I A N.

Is this your Song? Then let me join;
For this same JESUS He is mine;
And in Him greater Joys I feel,
Than Tongue can tell, or Heart reveal!

K I N G.

I feel them too! *Ah Lord why me!*
A Lump of Sin and Misery,
Black as the blackest Fiend in Hell,
Deserving no where else to dwell.

ne,
But such is JESU's boundless Love,
That Rebel I his Kindness prove;
How shall I sing, or how proclaim
The Merits of my SAVIOUR's Name!

C H R I S T I A N.

No
Nothing the Lord requires of you,
But what He'll give you Pow'r to do,
Justice

(46)

Justice to act, Love to esteem,
And always humbly walk with him.

K I N G,

Then, O my Soul, for ever blest
CHRIST, thy eternal Righteousness;
And let his Praises be thy Song,
His Praise th' Employment of thy Tongue.

C H R I S T I A N.

Now thankful let us join to sing
The Praises of our Loving KING,
Who bought us from the Sons of Men,
With Him eternally to reign!

B O T H.

*All Praise We give, and Honour too,
To whom all Praise and Honour's due,
And sing forever, Worthy He,
Who lives and reigns Eternally!*

F I N I S.



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